

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Mass Malthusian Delusions"

NFT exclusive  
Just for you listen, to the music  
Mass Malthusian delusions  
Of grandeur eucalyptic facades  
It feels so soothing  
Very nice to meet you, Ms. Big Booty  
My name is Captain Stubing  
I hope I'm not intruding  
Of course, you're still recouping  
From yesterdays afternoon thing  
The blow fishing and they're rooting  
Serenading and crooning  
I've got good news  
The weathers improving  
And everyone's assembling  
For the debut viewing  
Of my newly released  
Jekyll and Hyde movie  
It's promised to be a doobie  
But if you don't feel like  
Hanging out wit' the groupies  
You can pop the coochie  
And we watch some other Netflix movie  
There was a knock on the door  
And a deep voice "Por favor, señor"  
While we were anchored directly offshore  
He said he's only got enough space  
To show me there's no space left  
Yo, who is this fucking space cadet?  
I told him these rhymes  
Were designed elsewhere  
Then brought to Earth  
Through a stargate, yeah  
I get paid to produce it  
Even if you don't listen to it  
So I don't care what you do with it  
First, we must establish a baseline  
If you can hear this rhyme  
You've already interfered with time  
One hour of therapy every Tuesday  
In a room alone with Papa Tubay  
We hold hands and pray  
To the beat for root play  
They help me getaway  
From the black bootleg  
No need to say more  
Its a new day

Whoever take, you break, you pay  
Far away from a Darkside moonbase  
Bumping that new DJ Whoo Kid tape  
Illuminate the whole modern human race  
You are great, but only in a future time and place  
The current test method  
All by itself is a death sentence  
Just listen, then I'll answer your questions  
Neon orange leaves  
Japanese maple trees  
If you scream, I'll staple your knees  
My muse is my lover  
And there is much more to discover  
The perfect poetry, the hunger  
This is not fictitious  
My Queen eats delicious  
King Vicious on port Marion dishes  
Bread and shrimp  
Mixed with peppermint  
Over shredded pimp  
Nobodies ever had it since  
Scotch bonnet pepper  
On the road to Mecca  
Nobodies ever told this story better  
Placebo based controls  
Take your soul  
Erase what you know  
Then put your brain back in the same skull  
Music to my ears  
The nightmares of ones own fears  
Now imagine it's written in layers  
Sigillum Dei Signum Dei Vivi  
My new system makes the old system obsolete  
Frankenstein's experiment has escaped the lab  
These knuckles made of brass  
Need a face to smash  
The qurag is engraved on your face  
On your mask, on your ass  
On your feet and at the base of your hands  
There's no pit of fire in the lake, my man  
Only highly flammable vapes and gas  
No please, yes thanks  
Just talk to me champ  
They must have emptied your memory banks  
Now I question your trustworthiness  
You're a dirty little subversionist  
What you keep searching for, bitch?  
Chronic fatigue syndrome  
Google it and get the new ringtone  
You ain't grown  
You shrinking homes  
They call me Mazeltov Malkovich  
And my hollow bones conduits

Help me get something out of it  
The name of the album  
Is "One Step Closer"  
The sigil magic involved is sideways 'ocho'  
Marco, "Polo"  
Hiding from Kronos  
Sunbathing in a magnetic sun  
Through the ozone  
A randomized control trial  
You see its all about style  
And whatever they talk about now  
The whens, the whys, the hows  
It all stays hidden in the files  
That's why it's called a control trial  
Mass Malthusian delusion  
Is this an illusion set up by the illusionists?  
Or is this a group of illumined ones doing this?  
Or is this an advocate group with a movement  
Not knowing what the movement is?  
Is this complete and utter foolishness?  
Or is this the pathetic, weak human in us choosing this?  
We might need Judge Judy for this  
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M-Eighty is the new Rick Rubin!